

Boston, Feb. 18, 1834. 33

My dear friend:

I find that love does not come to maturity at once, but is progressive in its growth, and infinite in its expansion. Two years ago you were very dear to me; but the further we travel together through this earthly wilderness to the heavenly Jerusalem, the dearer you become. Thus I trust it will be through all eternity. Thus will every redeemed soul go on "from glory to glory," getting higher and nobler views of Jehovah, and deriving new and better enjoyments. The wants, the desires, the abilities of the human soul are amazing, and cannot be supplied with any thing short of the infinite fulness of its Creator, and the unutterable and inconceivable blessedness of heaven.

Two things trouble me abundantly. The first is, "a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" - yet, I trust, in some degree sanctified, and made subject to the law of God. - The other is, the rapid flight - more truly, the lightning flight of time, and the imperfect manner in which I improve it. I interrogate myself closely: How is it that I accomplish so little, either for my own edification, or the advancement of the happiness

of my fellow creatures? Day after day, week after week, month after month, rolls away with alarming swiftness, and yet — O, what a beggarly show of deeds is mine! And yet I seem to be — nay, I am, constantly immersed in labor, from morning till noon, and from noon till evening — visiting no where, and being as miserly of my minutes as the niggard is of his dollars. I toil much, and produce little. I am dissatisfied with almost every thing that I perform. Then I reflect how much there is to be done to redeem this fallen world from the thralldom of him who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, — and then how far short I have come of my duty in all things, — I am troubled in spirit, and deplore my supineness, my ingratitude, and my folly. Not that I expect to win heaven by my own merits, for "there is none righteous — no, not one," and "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, and we all do fade as a leaf" — but I wish to accomplish more for God, and more for man. Happy is it for us that "we have an Advocate with the Father!"

N. where does my body or spirit go more joyfully, on earth, than to Brooklyn. My visits hitherto have been signally refreshing to my spirit, and replete with pleasure. But, great as is my desire to see you — impatient as I am to be sheltered once more under the hospitable roof of my venerated




friend and benefactor George Benson - strongly as I wish to see the noble christian heroine, Prudence Brandall, and her interesting pupils - still, I am so surrounded with obligations and duties at home, which are exceedingly imperious, and my constant presence is so much needed here, that I have been cherishing the hope that it would not be necessary for me to visit Brooklyn, on account of my case at Court in March. By your letter, however, and another received from Esq. Parrish, it seems that I must personally be in your midst; and therefore you may look for me in due season, health and life permitting. My visit must be as short as possible: this I regret, because I should like to spend some time among friends who are so dear to my heart. I will thank you to mention to Esq. Parrish that his letter was duly received. It seems that if the trial be postponed, special bail will be required. To obtain that, I must rely upon the kindness of those on the spot who are friendly to the cause of justice and humanity.

You will rejoice at the downfall of the colonization Babel. Almost every hour brings some tidings of victory. What an almost incredible change in public sentiment has been effected within the last three years! - But I cannot enlarge.

Tender my friendly remembrances to your lady, to Mr. and Mrs. Gray, to Mr. Benson and family, to Mr. Burleigh, &c. &c.

If you can read this hasty scrawl, you will deserve a better one at the hands of
Your much attached friend, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

W. L. Garrison
Feb. 10. 1824



Paid

Rev. Samuel J. May,
Brooklyn,
Ct.